№ 8040.62

GIVEN BY

V. H. H. Newman.

TYROLESE EVENING HYMN.

Words by Mrs. Hemans.

Music by

MISS BROWNE,

Authoress of the "Pilgrim Fathers".

BOSTON, Published by C. BRADLEE No. 164 Washington Street.

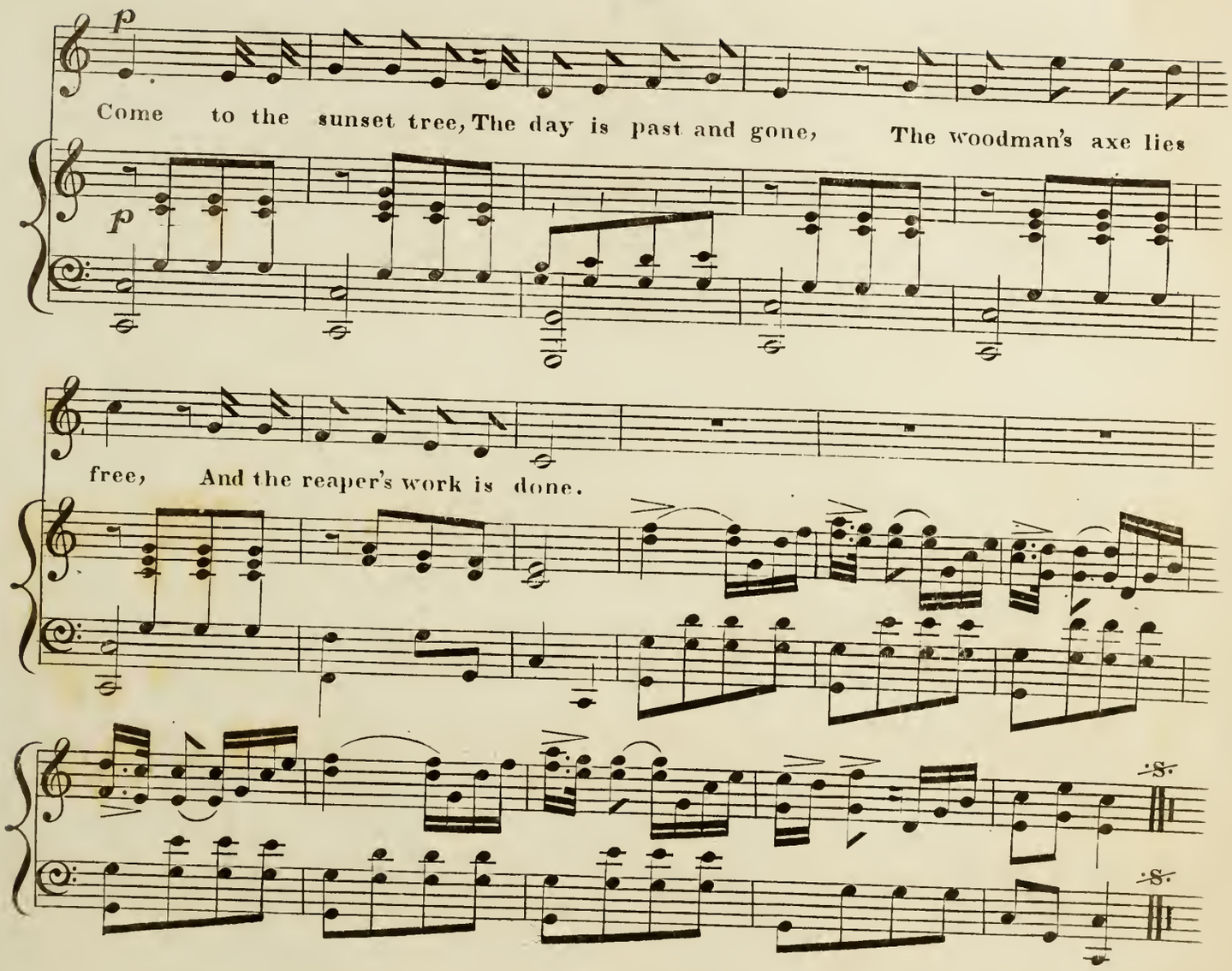
VOICE.

MODERATO.

Come, come, come! Come to the sunset tree, The day is past and gone, The woodman's axe lies free, And the reaper's work is done. The twilight star to Heaven, And the summer dew to flow'rs, And rest to us is given, By the cool soft evening hours. Come, come, come!

Entered according to Act of Congress, the Twenty-first day of May 1828.

JOHN ASHTON MUSIC STORE 197 WASHINGTON ST



—2—

Sweet is the hour of rest,
Pleasant the wood's low sigh,
And the gleaming of the west,
And the turf whereon we lie.
When the burthen and the heat
Of labor's task are o'er,
And kindly voices greet
The tired one at his door.
Come, come, come! &c.

—3—

Yes! tuneful is the sound
That dwells in whispering boughs,
Welcome the freshness round,
And the gale that fans our brows.
But rest more sweet and still
Than even nightfall gave,
Our yearning hearts shall fill
In the world beyond the grave.
Come, come, come! &c.

—4—

There shall no tempests blow,
No scorching noontide heat;
There shall be no more snow,
No weary wandering feet.
So we lift our trusting eyes,
From the hills our fathers trod,
To the quiet of the skies,
To the sabbath of our God!
Come, come, come! &c.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2016 with funding from
Boston Public Library

https://archive.org/details/tyroleseeveningh00brow

B. P. L. Bindery,
29 1994